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Integrity

happiness



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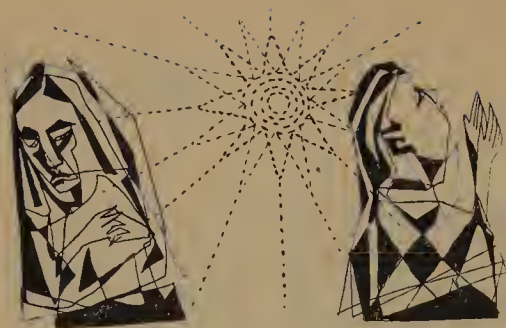
editorial

An issue on happiness won't be surprising to those of our readers who have noted with us that increasingly the personal as well as the social problems of America have centered around a vast intangible everyone is searching for. One can recall the unemployment during the depression and the individual's feeling that he would be content once that terrible social problem was solved. Then one remembers vividly the following years and the people who felt they would have their heart's desire as soon as the social catastrophe called war was over. But now there are jobs (for the majority at least), and while the peace is a cold peace, still families are on the whole reunited and complete. So the individual's search is less and less centered on objects outside himself, on external conditions, and more and more centered on something within (what it is he does not know) he somehow hopes to attain. And social thinkers likewise are showing their concern not so much for the material deprivations of man, but for the structure of contemporary society itself with its characteristic rootlessness and instability, and the heavy pressures it brings to bear upon the hapless individual—a conformist in what has been aptly termed "The Lonely Crowd."

A glance at the best seller list (Peale's book on *Positive Thinking* discussed in this issue has been on it for 158 weeks, *How to be Happy 365 Days a Year* for 34 weeks), or at the ads for new books, shows that the market for *happiness* books is insatiable. They range mostly from the bad to the indifferent, with here and there occasional true insights. But man if he is to be happy must first know what will make him happy; if there is nothing so sinful as maliciously pursuing an evil goal, there is nothing so tragic as attaining an inadequate goal, nothing so pathetic as a man sincerely pursuing a goal unworthy of him.

"Mine is the whole majestic past, and mine is the glorious future" was a quotation that used to be resounded in high school oratorical contests, for it expressed the American dream as it supposedly applied to American youth. But the dream has somehow faded; the past is not much of a reality, the future hardly more so. And young people feel with their elders that they are stuck with a present of doubtful worth, with a sparse hope of happiness hardly attainable. But if anyone should affirm the possibilities of happiness it is the Christian. This then is the purpose of our issue.

We wish our readers a merry Christmas and much happiness in Our Lord.



Dorothy Dohen

happiness and mature love

How can the age-old impulsion to happiness be expressed in contemporary terms? Following is an attempt to formulate anew the connection between mature love and a happy life.

Why aren't good Christians happy? Why is it that so many Catholics who apparently are trying their best to keep from grievous sin and to serve God seem no happier than the rest of the world? Why is it they seem to share the same confusion as to the nature of happiness, to know the same restlessness and lack of peace?

In the first place it is probably safe to say that they share humanity's common dream of *ultimate* lasting happiness here on earth. The fact that we cannot have this ultimate happiness here, that this world is a vale of tears or that the cross is an essential part of the Christian life, has not penetrated their subconsciousness; or if it has it has done so in a way to add to rather than dispel their interior confusion. Unfortunately there are too many Catholic sermons of the Peale variety, and too many of the faithful have received the impression that the "testimony of a good conscience" is supposed to dispel all earthly gloom. The relationship between holiness and happiness is oversimplified to the extent that the simple Catholic is often left feeling that so much virtue entitles him to so much happiness, in the way his more materialistic brother feels that so much money entitles him to so much possession. Virtue is thus

reduced to a paper dollar backed by the gold of happiness.

"One is already in Paradise when one is poor and is crucified," says Clotilde in *La Femme Pauvre*. But one is in Paradise *in hope* not in reality. Even the saint does not get his heaven on earth. And while there is happiness that infallibly comes with the soul's surrender of itself completely to God, with its acceptance of its spiritual poverty, and its acquiescence to wait upon the good pleasure of God to bring it to beatitude, this happiness is often imperceptible. Moreover, such surrender, acceptance and acquiescence are not achieved suddenly, or without pain, or permanently. If there are definitive victories usually only God not the soul is aware of them. And Bloy's heroine, even though her words reveal a beautiful truth, can be misunderstood. One doesn't achieve Paradise just by deciding to be poor or to be crucified.

There is no heaven on earth. The young Christian who rejoices in the goal faith gives to him will find that the more he approaches it the more it recedes from him. There is an added torture (which of course is not out of keeping with a deep peace of soul) in realizing that God alone can satisfy one and yet to be prevented by life from seeing God.

St. Thomas finds ultimate happiness consisting in the vision of God, in the eternal contemplation of Him. We might remark parenthetically that the fact that one "cannot see God and live" is not only proof of the impracticability of aspiring to ultimate happiness here and now but grounds for changing our attitude toward death.

two views of happiness

But it is probably quite safe to say that few Catholics expect to see God here and now or even would particularly desire to see Him if they could. And it is likewise quite safe to remark that most of us share the notion of happiness current in our environment.

It is quite striking to contrast the inquiry of St. Thomas into what happiness consists in and most modern expressions of the nature of happiness. After inquiring in turn if happiness consists in wealth, honor, glory, sensual pleasure, the goods of the body, and each time replying in the negative, St. Thomas finds that happiness consists in the contemplation of truth, that is *God*. Modern inquiries not only do not come up with the same answer, but they don't

even seem to ask the same questions. It probably is no proof that we are less materialistic than our medieval ancestors, but rather a sign of the effects of unparalleled prosperity, that the search for happiness in America is not centered around overestimation of wealth or pleasure, but around those intangible goods which apparently St. Thomas never even considered. Most contemporary books on happiness take for granted that one will be happy if one is loved, accepted, free from anxiety and fear, has emotional security and peace of mind. Happiness is no longer looked upon primarily as a subjective state following from the attainment of an objective good, but rather first and foremost as a subjective good.

And yet St. Thomas' writings on happiness and contemporary books on how to achieve it have this in common: they both point up the necessity for mature love to achieve happiness. This is not immediately obvious so an explanation is in order. According to St. Thomas, while ultimate beatitude consists in an act of the intellect contemplating God with the resultant act of the will finding its rest and delight in Him, in this life man's perfection lies in charity, in his love of God which outstrips his knowledge of Him. He prepares to see God in heaven by loving Him on earth; love thus prepares him for his ultimate happiness. The modern search for happiness in terms of emotional security, of being loved and accepted, likewise points up the necessity of love to happiness—even if, as it often does, it does it by default. For the couching of happiness in terms of "wanting to be loved, to be secure in being loved" reveals the gropings of an immature love, more interested in the "take" rather than the "give" of loving.

love of neighbor

"In the evening of life we shall be judged on love," says St. John of the Cross, and Christ Himself graphically describes the final judgment as a judgment of love, when love of Christ will be proved by our ministrations to our neighbor. "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; naked, and you clothed Me; sick, and you visited Me."

For the Christian then the importance of fraternal charity cannot be overemphasized: in it, speaking quite realistically, lies his salvation. Furthermore, fraternal love becomes not only the way to his attainment of ultimate happiness, but a necessity if he is to

have a good measure of earthly happiness. Yet the same inability to relate well to others, to express love for them, that afflicts the rest of the world, hinders Christians from finding happiness. Many sincere Catholics are unhappy because they are not being helped to achieve mature love. We have said that happiness is the fruit of mature love, but here a warning is in order: the topic of this issue is *happiness* and it is happiness we therefore focus upon. But it would be wrong to infer that happiness should be (as unfortunately in practice it too often is) the focus of our lives. What we need to stretch out to is *love* not happiness.

mature versus immature love

It is only too obvious that in the lives of many people fraternal love never reaches its maturity—or perhaps we should say more accurately, its mature expression. The tremendous burden of neuroses under which so many people labor in our times prevents them from entering into fruitful relationships with others. They themselves have never grown beyond an infantile love which makes itself known by its excessive demands, its overweening need for reassurance that love is returned, its constant seeing of slights and injuries.

Dr. Nodet in an excellent chapter in a remarkable book, *Love of Our Neighbor*,* contrasts the love of the child and the mature love of the adult in the following paragraphs:

It follows that his (the child's) moral conduct—if we can really talk of moral conduct to describe the world of permissions and prohibitions in which he lives—is entirely subjective. The good is that which keeps in being the bond of love between himself and his parents, evil is that which severs it. Similarly, he only feels he is somebody, and in a state of security, if he is sure of being loved. . . . He only knows he is loved so far as he has concrete experience of the fact. A child's love therefore has this essential characteristic: the object is not loved for its own sake, but for the function it fulfills (it provides security, a sense of value, solace). It follows that the object loved is easily replaced by others.

The psychological structure of the adult should give evi-

* Edited by Father Albert Plé, O.P., and published by Templegate, \$3.95. A review of this book will appear in *Integrity* in the near future.

dence of considerable enrichment. The adult will have to be able to love someone for his own sake, and not for the functions he may fulfill. This love is then a free, spontaneous gift, not a selfish, cautious or aggressive approach. Hence, if it is to be adult, moral conduct must be objective and autonomous. . . . Similarly, interior security and the sense of one's own value are spontaneous, personal possessions, henceforward independent of one's environment, which can no longer deprive us of them. . . .

Similarly, the sense of one's own value is not an exaggerated, vain and self-satisfied estimate of one's qualities. It is a self-esteem, based on a serene contemplation of oneself as one is, with all one's defects and virtues. It is the opposite of all those neurotic attitudes characterized by feelings of inferiority, by affective masochism. It is the only basis for authentic development. It is the "as thyself," which, since the book of Leviticus was written, has always been recommended as the measure of our love for our neighbor. . . .

A healthy psychological relationship with others presupposes that we form an objective image of them. This objectivity indicates that we have a healthy and authentic image of ourselves. There is nothing in us which we disavow; we have fully accepted our obtuseness and our limitations; we are no longer tempted to project on to the image of others the image of our own disquiet, or to see others as distorted by our own expectations, abnegations and fears.

These marks of the capacity to love maturely—the ability to face and to accept oneself, to take a moral stand independently of the approval or disapproval of one's environment, and to love someone for himself and not simply for self-gratification—offer much food for thought to the Christian whose destiny depends on fraternal charity. It would be interesting if space permitted to see how they dovetail with St. Paul's epistle on charity, or quite obviously with St. Francis of Assisi's prayer: "Let me seek not so much to be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love, for *it is in giving that we receive*. . . ." For it is a mark of mature love to be able to receive love graciously as well as to give it generously. The mature person does not act in order to be loved, but neither does he reject love. He does not suffer neurotic anguish if he is not loved in return, but neither does he hide his longing for love behind a wall of indifference. He does not refuse the gifts of love proffered him, nor refuse

to delight in human affection. He does not make God's will a projection of his own desires, nor does he seek in the love of God tangible satisfaction of an infantile eagerness to *feel* that he is always loved; but neither does he pretend that he doesn't want God's love. So-called "disinterested-love" which does not seek union with the Beloved is a psychological as well as a spiritual trap.

Charity, the supernatural love of friendship, as well as natural love, is a *give* and *take*. The saints who gave their love totally to their neighbor were well-loved in return. And it is fitting that St. John of the Cross who emphasized such drastic purification of love still could write: "Where there is no love put love and you will find love."

the neurotic—love and happiness?

We have said that mature love is the way to happiness, both temporal and ultimate.

However, there is need here for a distinction. It is perfectly possible that a neurotic who is seriously hampered by his neurosis from an effective human *expression* of love, nevertheless is in the state of grace and possesses great fraternal charity. It is also possible that a person who relates well to others, and has many fruitful, mature human relationships, and in consequence a degree of earthly happiness unknown to the neurotic, is in mortal sin, is without supernatural love, and is far from ultimate happiness.

Of course needless to say the ideal would be that the virtue of charity in the Christian find its expression through a mature healthy personality. Such a personality would certainly facilitate the practice of acts of love of neighbor. How far indeed a neurotic incapacity for love can retard the development of sanctity is a debatable question we cannot discuss here. Nevertheless the neurotic with his burden of unhappiness may very well be one of the lame and the deaf and the blind who will be guests at the eternal wedding feast while the more likely prospects are refused admittance.

"Charity alone enables human beings to meet at their deepest level."* That is why—theoretically at least—no one should know as much happiness as the Christian whose life is rooted in charity which finds expression in mature human relationships. That is why

* Father M. J. LeGuillou, O.P., writing in *Love of Neighbor*.

Christian parents above all others should realize the importance of developing their children's capacity for love, both human love and love of God.

unhappiness in groups

Why is it that the plaint of observers of some groups of Christians is "See how they *don't* love one another"? Evidently the same lack of maturity in loving noticeable in individuals is evident in groups. The following remarks then are offered not in a spirit of cavilling criticism, nor unmindful of the fact that perfection in human relationships isn't attainable on earth, but in the realization that when Christians form a group (whether it be for a purely spiritual, charitable, apostolic or social purpose) they do so that they may collectively express love and individually grow in love. The fact that some groups are not noticeable for their effectiveness or their maturity is not a reflection on the sincerity of their members but often a reflection of lack of judgment and insight on the part of chaplains and leaders.

For instance, often what is mistaken for zeal is really a neurotic compulsion to keep busy at all costs. The member who is willing to devote every night to the group's activities is held up as a model of devotedness and unrecognized is the fact that loveless home environment may be driving him to use the group to satisfy his need for security and love. Let us hasten to add that we do not advocate that only certified non-neurotics be admitted to groups; needless to say neurotics can play their part in the extension of the kingdom of God. What we are arguing against is allowing neurotics to dominate such groups. Such domination not only militates against the possible effectiveness of the group and the personal growth of the other members, but does nothing to help the maturing process of the neurotic involved. When for some reason or other the group is discontinued and he finds its support suddenly gone, the fact that he is rendered quite unable to act is sufficient proof that the group wasn't achieving its purpose of helping the member grow to independent adult action. For it must not be forgotten that the Christian community isn't to be a group of immature people huddling together for support, but a group of adult people sharing indeed the mutual benefits of charity, but capable of growing *outward* in love for the entire world. Certain groups give the impression of ghetto Catholi-

cism not so much because they don't know intellectually their outgoing apostolic role, but because they have done nothing to counteract the emotional immaturity of their members.

The social pressure which is an ever more marked characteristic of American life (with its underlying thesis that everything that is typical is normal) also characterizes some Catholic groups and reveals the immaturity of their members. There can be "other directedness" in the country club, but there can also be "other directedness" in the third order or sodality. This fear of group disapproval, of losing the esteem and love of others, which may be effective in disciplining the child isn't in keeping with the freedom of the mature children of God. And if "doing the right thing for the wrong reason is always evidence of the highest treason," in such cases it is also evidence of emotional immaturity. Apostolic groups that have fallen apart because one of the members bought a television set, or which cannot tolerate a disagreement on some question or other without the members getting judgmental and accusing one another of being worldly and unchristian, reveal how seriously threatened emotionally the members are by any deviation in the rules they have set for themselves. Their reaction is again that of the child whose world falls apart if his parents show their disapproval.

Groups of Christians if they are to help their members grow toward maturity have to encourage each member to grow to be *himself*—the self God intends. If they discourage the individual from accepting himself as he is and substitute instead some ideal Christian dummy whose figure he models himself upon, not only will they hinder him from effective love of his neighbor (whom he is told to love as himself—a self in this case which he cannot recognize nor admit) but they will increase his anxiety and unhappiness. There is no one so unhappy as he who has either chosen to live or is forced to live somebody else's life, in somebody else's way. What is more he is hampered in growing toward a mature relationship with God in Whom is all happiness.

"happy are they"

It is unfortunate that the English translation of the beatitudes, using as it does the word *blessed* for the word which in Greek and other languages means *happy*, does not give the sense of the ori-

ginal. For in the beatitudes Christ is saying, "Happy are the poor in spirit, happy . . . the clean of heart, happy . . . the peacemakers. Happy are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you untruly for My sake: be glad and rejoice for your reward is very great in heaven."

The beatitudes are an encouragement, a comfort, a source of strength for the struggling Christian, but they are something more: they are a promise of what is to come; they are an expression of the achievement of mature love. And unless this is understood, they can be misinterpreted, and rendered superficial and meaningless. The shallow notion of the beatitudes (that they hold forth promises for something that *we ourselves can do*) makes them vulnerable for use as a neurotic defense. We are all familiar with the type of person who makes his irresponsible improvidence proof that he is blessed, or the man who takes eager delight in being clapped into jail so that he can qualify for being persecuted. But the state of happiness of the beatitudes isn't that easily achieved. "Happy are the poor in spirit." It is good we had St. Paul to remind us that even giving all our goods to the poor, without charity profits us nothing. We can *make ourselves* poor, but the poverty of spirit with which the beatitudes are concerned is a poverty which the *Holy Spirit achieves* in us. And similarly with the other beatitudes. The soul can work to cultivate meekness and purity and mercy; it can seek after justice and strive for detachment—all indeed as it must—but when it has done all of these it is "still an unprofitable servant"; it still must wait for the Holy Spirit to accomplish in it a work more perfect, more divine. Through His gifts He accomplishes in the soul that *ordering of love* which the beatitudes hint at; for they tell of a soul completely ruled by and completely oriented to the love of God both in its relationship to exterior goods, to its neighbor, and the good it possesses within itself. For the beatitudes bespeak a happiness that is not the result of merely negative actions (of getting rid of impurity and becoming clean of heart) but much more the culmination of being wholly *open to love*. And the happiness they promise is the reward of heroic love—of that perfect charity which we call sanctity and which for the Christian can be the only *mature love*.

The happy soul is the soul that has made that act of perfect sacrifice (of total *giving* to the Other) which is the essence of love.

Happy are they whom Love prepares to see God.



Ulrich Sonnemann

peale or the jet-engined prayer mill

Dr. Sonnemann, whose recent book Existence and Therapy—an evaluation of new trends in psychology and psychotherapy—was reviewed at length in the April 1955 issue of Integrity, analyzes the errors of Norman Vincent Peale's The Power of Positive Thinking.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John 8:32

"Cram your mind full of the 'I believe philosophy' . . ."—Norman Vincent Peale, *The Power of Positive Thinking*: p. 151

"According to your faith, be it done unto you."—Matthew 9:29

"Go out of your way to talk optimistically about everything."—Norman Vincent Peale, *op. cit.*: p. 215

Optimism derives from *optimum*, the best, and means a belief that the best is due to happen. Since the belief applies to events of the temporal order, not only must it have reasons from within the temporal order, it also presupposes that one knows (and for this the temporal order no longer suffices) what is best, and, consequently, what is good. In order for this knowledge to merit the

name of knowledge, it must be true; therefore, even to the most fanatical optimist, such as Norman Vincent Peale, the truth of any belief ought to have priority over the power it imparts to the believer.

The great religious spirits of all times, not different, in this respect, from any of the great figures of science, were concerned with the truth of their beliefs—and nothing besides. It was this concern which gave them faith; that faith, which gave them power. Dr. Peale—and of all the workings of his mind, this is the sole feature that makes them an important phenomenon of contemporary history—reverses that order. Yet at least to his time, he is, in one sense, true. His concern, whether he is aware of it or not, is with power—with power solely and exclusively, namely to the exclusion of anything not already defined in its terms.

the cult of power

Throughout his famous book, this power is conceived in the image of the many mechanical energies in physical nature that man now knows to be his captives but very gradually is coming to realize can be equally his jail wardens. In the slow process of finding this out, Dr. Peale's book (except as an involuntary example of the big malaise) will not be of much help. Its terminology throughout is borrowed from the world of the technician: the soul here is not what it is, the personal in the person, the quintessence of his being, but just another object for (self-)manipulation. "Apply grievance drainage to the mind." "How to have constant energy." "Put your mind into neutral." "Try prayer power" (not, mind you, high octane). "How to make your own happiness" (do it yourself!). "Try this health formula." "Relax for easy power." "How to draw upon that higher power."

Here we are coming close to what makes the Cult of Reassurance tick: Dr. Peale speaks of that higher power as though of a sort of supernuclear energy, neutrally waiting to be tapped by anyone who wants to.

"A peaceful mind generates power." This may be so; but why then, out of such peacefulness of mind, just be concerned with the generating of power?

"Empty your mind every day." Of what, after the disciple has followed all other rules in the book, could his mind still be emptied?

So you want power? Goethe wrote. The powerful *has* it. Dr. Peale, contrariwise, does not teach how to exercise one's own personal powers (of what this word "personal" even means, no awareness is indicated in his book) but teaches how to "get" that anonymous "energy" which the average contemporary is crazy about anyhow and which he always wishes to borrow from somewhere outside himself—drawing it, if possible, from the nearest available outlet in the wall of collectivity and convention that surrounds him. If the cable that supplies that power is labelled religion, he will try "religion" too, but (with Dr. Peale) will continue to mean power. Not the contents of a faith or creed; not a truth revealed; not anything or anyone for its or his or her *own sake*, for there is no transcendence, no humility, no love, nothing free and sacrificial to speak of in Peale's world. The ego does not step beyond its boundaries, it only craves to widen these boundaries to gain the acclamation of the crowd and appropriate all the dead power that it needs for a mechanical increase in the volume of its monologue. Believe *in yourself*, very appropriately, is the first article of faith with which Dr. Peale's best seller opens. It is the truest word in his book, "true" to be understood here in the exclusive sense of honest.

the magic word

This power craze is all over the 275 pages. The word—the biblical and the interpretative—is just the *magic* which the power craving finds expedient to employ. This is not something the present writer perceived himself. Dr. Peale quite naively applies the characterization of the religious word as a *magic* in his own text. His relation to words is altogether fetishistic. Such terms as "power" (which simply hypnotizes him) "success," "popularity," "dynamic," "techniques," all the other niceties from the vocabulary of the well-adjusted human puppet, can be seen casting the same spell over his mind as they do over Hollywood, over any Dale Carnegie addict, or over the flock of striving young executives in the Empire State Building who habitually conquer the five blocks to Marble Collegiate Church but never the one that keeps them from becoming themselves. Instead of being who they are, instead of being persons, instead—to say it in a single word—of *being*, they are frantically trying to "adjust themselves"; but why, of all things, should anybody find that aim important?

It is evident that we cannot explore this widespread and unhappy preference in full in this article; it would require a whole inquiry into the powers of spontaneity, as opposed to the false alternative between impulsivity and repression, in which the Puritan and his present day spiritual descendant forever seem caught. What has Dr. Peale to do with that alternative? He nowhere breaks out of it; and he serves to illuminate its lack of built-in exits. For he only drives repression to that unheard of extreme where even the awareness that it *is* repression is repressed. Silenced—if one carries out Peale's rules of conduct—is not just *any particular* impulse (which, provided that it be "natural," he even encourages) but the sovereign *in the person*, his spontaneity, the *personal* per se.

faith works!

As in any powerful error, so it is also in Dr. Peale's religion-for-robots that we must search for the grain of truth—in the sense of original observation—around which the error is fashioned and from which it derives what force of persuasion it has. In the present case, the true observation is that an optimistic belief tends to invigorate its holder. At least in certain, if narrowly delineated respects, it doubtlessly will benefit his work output as well as his social behavior. Consequently he will achieve his object more certainly to the degree that his optimism impels him to action. But the problem only begins here. Unlike faith—which Peale's book consistently confounds with an optimistic belief—his belief comes true, if it does, not because it was true from the start but because of its own effect on the psyche of the holder. It comes true *as a prediction* only because *as a psychological fact* it has itself been working in and upon the context of things on which, as a prediction, it focuses. But how can it have this effect unless, as a prediction, it is convincing to the holder from the start? And how can it be convincing to him at a stage at which there is no factual truth yet to support it?

If it were grounded in faith, the question would not pose itself; the question does pose itself because of Dr. Peale's reversal of the true relationship between faith and the power that faith exercises *if* one has it. This reversal, of course, is just as impossible as the reversal of many a law of physics. You cannot have faith because of the nice things it does for you; the very priority of attention to the hoped-for consequences of faith is psychologically incompatible

with the exclusiveness of attention that faith demands should be focussed on what faith is *in*.

Consequently, since the follower of Peale does not start out with an act of faith but with one of *desire*—but at the same time is taught to have faith in order to get what he wants—for faith he substitutes the vestiges of faith.

The vestiges of faith are words that stand for it: if the person in trouble only repeats these until they “catch”, he will act *as though* he were believing them; and neither he himself nor Dr. Peale will be able to tell the difference—or be willing to acknowledge that there is one. This is the conditioning theory of behaviorism; the doctrine according to which, when man is sad and crying, he is not crying because he is sad but is sad because he is crying. Behaviorism, fortunately, is long dead; but unburied as it is in the U. S. A., it requires, to be accepted among the living, a drop of perfume: a drop of psychoanalysis. This scent itself is becoming rather stale lately; almost as behaviorism, psychoanalysis is already in its own field a doctrine of yesterday. But this means that it can now be had for bargain prices. If practically anybody can talk about the unconscious at random, should a smart, progressive clergyman be expected to desist? So Peale conditions, not your central reflexes, but your unconscious; this not only is more elegant but has the great advantage of being, by definition, obscure.

no room for man-the-thinker

Behaviorism is a psychology of marionettes that, inconsistently, pays no attention to the one who pulls the wires. This latter fault is not shared by Dr. Peale; he does acknowledge the wire puller but prefers to do the pulling himself. If our analysis is correct, according to which the vestiges of faith have to make up for its lacking inner reality, one would expect Peale to teach a mechanical and slogan-like, hypnotic use of edifying words and call it prayer, thought, contemplation, or what have you. Exactly this is the case. His book abounds with such admonitions as “Ten times a day repeat these dynamic words”; “Ten times each day practice the following affirmation.” Why, if the “dynamic” word has been understood, which is always one big event and never ten little ones, does it have to be repeated so often?

Unbelief is not conquered here in spiritual penetration; it is

shouted down, drugged and dulled, then left to vegetate somewhere, by a brain-washing technique cleverly if tiringly combined with a special sort of sales talk. Peale's concern is with a truthless peacefulness of mind—he explicitly warns of controversial thoughts and utterances—with the contentment of a “cow” who, believing herself to be a lioness, can more easily forget that she used to be a human; with the repetitive, self-manipulating functions of man-the-unspontaneous, man-the-domesticated-animal, man-the-automaton. He has no use nor room for man-the-thinker, any more than (except in regard to his teaching as a telling societal disease symptom) man-the-thinker ever can have for his random amassment of hollowed-out conceptual shells.

untrue theology and untrue psychology

Why such automatization of the soul should be “positive,” may not be clear. Far more unclear remains what Peale supposes it to have to do with thinking. Of the three terms in the title of his book, the only honest one remains the first, and with far more right that name could be *Get Going*, or *Prescription For Adjusted Careers*, or *Shake Hands With Everybody, Including The Lord*, or *Peale's Quite Near To Broadway Fame*. All these would be incomparably truer to the content and thus be a great service to the reader; for the negative about the volume is not that it misleads through the boldness of a new if wrong idea, but rather that it does so by mimicking a right one. There is no thought in it, let alone a new or bold or even subtle one; its essence is sterility, shrouded in a “vitalism,” the gesturing of which is aimlessly and coarsely energetic enough to be readily mistaken for spirited by the appalling multitude of contemporary souls on whom the spirit never yet has breathed. Yet even to some others it may be misleading, through its seeming proximity to true ideas only recently dawning on man in such fields as psychotherapy; for example when the insight of the existential-analytic school that man becomes that which he knows himself to be is denaturized into a suggestive manipulation of convictions-about-oneself not spontaneously revealed to the person by the truth of his own being. This denaturizing, flattening, shallowing tendency, which mixes an untrue theology with a just as untrue psychology to conceal the flaws of both is very strong in Dr. Peale, and numerous quotations could be brought to show it. His word

fetishism makes it easy for him, not only to quote from biblical passages profusely, with a pose as though the quotations had anything in common with his text, but to borrow fruits of thought from all sides and then to act as though he were holding more in his hands than just the peelings. Everything indeed, in this slap-happy world of the more or less happy executive, is first of all for sale, or at least so Peale supposes. The characteristic aroma of cheapness in which, from its first chapter to its last, *The Power of Positive Thinking* keeps bathing our noses, is always the same. While it is penetrating enough anywhere on its pages, it arises at different intensities from different ones of them. "Get a big spiritual experience!" as too-evidently smacking of the 5-and-10, may still boomerang more visibly, but what happens when Dr. Peale for a minute forgets about adjustment to one's fellow human beings and begins to contemplate God's nature? He has heard about the *rhythm* that pervades it; but since this phenomenon has not revealed itself to him first-hand, he does not know what it is, or at any rate is either unable or unwilling to tell it from the dead, monotonous time-beat of a man-made machine. The next step is that he cites the time phenomena of machines as exemplifications of rhythm—of the ever-varied temporal structure of *life*—and ends up with the apodictical statement that a machine is an arrangement of parts according to the law of God. But how can the Positive Thinker be so certain just of that? He does not specify which of God's laws, all referring to wholes and not a single one to parts, he has in mind. Nor does he specify whether it is hydrogen bombs or simple slot machines of which he is thinking.

neurotic search

Most important on the practical, psychotherapeutic side of his work remains the method of thoughtless, repetitive self-suggestion that he teaches. The behavior of a cracked phonograph record, which he unsuspectingly confounds with its opposite, thinking, is the typical inner condition of the neurotics who may flock to him. Since the neurotic is constantly searching for acceptance, for confirmation from the outside, nothing could be more soothing to him (as well as to his neurosis) than a recommendation to do what he is doing anyhow, with the "mechanicalness" of his psychic processes all left intact and only "positive" words now replacing the long mono-

logues of his loneliness and his despair.

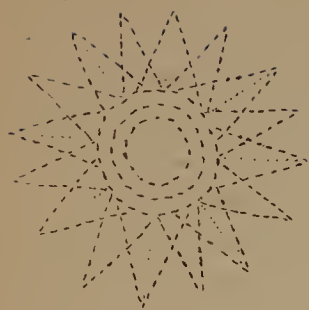
But the loneliness and the despair will linger, even though the roar of the jet-engined prayer mill may temporarily drown out the terrifying silence of their voices. When, finally, through the ever-mounting chorus of organization and apparatus, including the noise emanating from Fifth Avenue and 29th Street, will that silence explode into everybody's ears? When will the Peales stop being taken seriously in the U. S. A.?

America, as every one knows, continues to be the defender of the dignity and freedom of the person in her public consciousness and, on the whole, in her stand in world politics. At the same time, Americans continue to adore the glamorously-boring image of manipulable, predictable, automatized, robotized man; continue to sugarcoat their fears with the trivialities of a mass-manufactured optimism; continue to insist on adjusting and conditioning that most personal in the person, *the conscience power of the soul*, which is the sole arbiter of the justice of its own conditions; and continue to fall for any fresh concoction of outdated theories implicitly denying just that dignity and just that freedom.

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Elaine Malley

the happy grind

*Mrs. Malley gives her insights into
the search for happiness in the humdrum of daily life.*

We were made for happiness, and that is why we seek it everywhere. But because we are fallen creatures, living in an imperfect world, we get only intimations of it here. To pursue these intimations as if they were the real thing is to discover that they recede as we advance, like the horizon that moves "forever and forever when I walk."

And yet the infinite happiness to which we aspire does permeate and transfigure the means we use to attain it. God is so generous He cannot wait until we have deserved joy to give it to us. The sun, even in its absence, reminds us of its existence by illuminating every spear-point of matter that crosses the night sky. While we are not to mistake the stars for the sun, the more poignantly we are alive to the intrinsic perfection of each separate shining particle, the closer we come to being able to appreciate the unseen source of its light. St. Therese of Lisieux used to say, "I cannot conceive what more I shall have of heaven than here. I shall see God, it is true. But as to being with Him, I am already that here on earth."

Married people whose love is embodied in each other and in their children feel that they have attained a large measure of their

heavenly reward in this life. Happiness encompasses them on every side, palpably, physically, smiling at them with human eyes, touching them with human hands, releasing their solicitude with human needs. In every walk of life the service of others brings a fund of stimulating satisfaction. A teacher knows a profound joy in the rapt absorption of the student to whom he has been able to communicate his interest in his subject and his love for it. The quickening pulse of the convalescent whose life was despaired of gives his physician cause to praise God for the powers he has been given. The dependable secretary whose capable efficiency is indispensable to a considerate employer takes pride and pleasure in her work.

Not all work is so directly rewarding. Where the work itself is unfulfilling we depend on more remote associations to lend it warmth and welcome. Wherever people work together there are human bonds and human loyalties, and there can be a spirit of genial fellowship. The setting of a proximate goal in whose attainment everyone will benefit is a sound psychological measure for enlisting enthusiasm for purely mechanical labor among workers. But if the goal is spurious, or beneficial only to a favored minority, the zest for spontaneous effort collapses and the work becomes slavery, with only the extrinsic compensation of the pay envelope to give it merit, and only the necessity for keeping up with bitterly self-preservative competition to give it continuity.

happiness in hope

Still there is hope. Jacob became a bondsman for seven years in the hope of winning Rachel. Even when he was defrauded at the end of that time, he accepted the undesired Lia and worked for seven more years to win his beloved. The Negro slaves found in hope many compensations for their inhuman state. The strongest was their faith that Jesus would one day dry all their tears and heal their work-scarred bodies. Another was their sense of identification with the Chosen People of the Old Testament. As the Jews were led by Moses from their earthly bondage, so the Negroes could also look forward to eventual liberation. Meanwhile there was hope in human decency. Any merciful treatment from their masters evoked a humble gratitude which expressed itself in passionate loyalty. Finally there was their own commiserating fellowship in suffering

to lend comfort and imbue their lives with a sort of rich humor.

When a community has suffered a severe calamity that wipes away all the results of generations of struggle, the smallest propitious incident that falls into the vacuum of its destitution detonates a promise that releases a flood-tide of soul-shaking exultation. Apart from the supernatural peace that descended on Noah when God made His Covenant with him, he must have been swept by a surge of this purely natural joy on seeing the rainbow after the flood.

discontent

In spite of the many incentives to happiness, man has always had to wrestle with the dark angel of discontent. According to Lamennais, "man is the most suffering of creatures because he has one foot in the finite and one in the infinite and he is torn asunder, not by four horses, but by two worlds." There has always been a conflict between God's will and man's designs. In attempting to solve the predicament of Lamennais's globestrider by placing both his feet on one world, the finite, and pretending the infinite does not exist, secularism has merely aggravated his plight, for it has shut the door of reality in his face. Not all the overabundance of material non-essentials with which he is inundated can compensate for this loss. One by one, the oases of natural happiness in his finite world shrivel and disappear. Man feels isolated from the body of humanity. He experiences a disillusion with the traditional concepts of his ancestors. Some of these concepts were archaic, it is true, but they gave a feeling of purpose to many now meaningless human activities.

The Christian cannot help being infected by the contagion of anxiety that afflicts his contemporaries. He lives in their world, breathes their air, suffers their woes.

Divine discontent is an experience familiar to artists and poets. Bent upon communicating some glimmer of a vision that has given them a penetrating insight into an order beyond human reach, they find their media ineffectual and their powers abortive to present a true account. At times, in the dust of their tussle with the technicalities of their craft, they lose sight of the vision. What they manage to recapture is blurred, perverted, out of focus. But occasionally, after an arduous struggle with the limitations of art and their own human inadequacy, they are relieved by a mysterious force that takes over the direction of both tools and craftsman and unerringly

recreates the original revelation in all its blinding freshness and intensity.

the urge to escape

It is not too difficult to trace an analogy between the work of a musician, for example, who spends his life composing symphonies, and the efforts of a Christian, in whose calling lies the power to fashion an imperishable thing of beauty out of the very stuff of life. But there is nothing divine about the sort of discontent that descends upon a person confronted with some of the snags he strikes in his vocation. The momentary urge is one of escape.

The course of a vocation, like that of true love, has never run smooth. There have always been the long stretches of dreary and monotonous drudgery. There have always been those crises which tested its validity. What is new is the nervous, swift-moving tempo of our times, which discourages a sense of permanence in any situation. A vocation is expected to fit faultlessly, like a custom-made garment. A little friction, pressure, or maladjustment, and the temptation comes to discard it. There is always something else to turn to if the present endeavor presents too much difficulty.

In the case of a person whose vocation is sealed by an irrevocable vow, as is that of married people, this temptation can be a matter of deep anguish of spirit. But at least the conflict is restricted, in most instances, to the question of whether one will follow God's will or one's own. In less circumscribed spheres the torment extends to uncertainty as to where God's will lies, and even when, after sleepless hours of exhaustive search, a decision is made, it is no guarantee that the uncertainty will not recur in another guise.

Should a nun who has entered religion at the age of fifteen leave the convent if she comes to believe at thirty that she can do more good in the world? Should the doctor with a practice that leaves him no time for the bacteriological research which has become his burning interest give up his practice? Should a father who hates the editorial policy of the paper he works on quit his job and risk the destitution of his family while he attempts to start a paper where he can express his own views? Should a capable woman whose husband is irresponsible seek work outside of the home, add his burden of providing for the family to her own of nurturing the elements that go to make up a home, and thereby risk the rupture of

her intimacy with her children and the destruction of whatever self-respect her husband may have; or should she accept, for herself and her children, the inadequacy of his support and the humiliation of public charity and by her dependence on her husband try to rouse a sense of responsibility in him?

These are questions that cannot be solved easily. Too much must be taken into consideration. In some cases a change may be mandatory. To go on with a work that has become repugnant and for which one believes oneself temperamentally unsuited can lead to neurosis and end by making one unfit for any purpose. On the other hand, repugnance is not necessarily a stop signal. A person who finds his duties at once beyond his bungling inefficiency and beneath his intelligence and dignity may only be in need of the discipline of application. Frequently it is by the overcoming of our personal fastidiousness and distaste that we grow in humility to a fuller compliance with the demands of our calling.

When a man discovers that his wife is a congenital liar, the new knowledge does not change the purposive character of his marriage. The discovery must be assimilated by the unparalleled method of living with it day in and day out until her fault becomes as intimate as one of his own. Only then can reason and understanding fuse into the wisdom to cope with it. There are similar disappointments in other vocations and they do not necessarily toll their knell. Repeated failure and a sense of personal insufficiency are not always valid motives for seeking a change. The eternal cross of Christianity is this consciousness of the smallness of individual effort against the universal and perennial recurrence of evil. Neither can conscience invariably accept as an excuse failure to fit into one's milieu. In these days when happiness is measured by adjustment to one's environment it may be the person who sticks out like a sore thumb that God wants to use to make a point.

participation

The idea of escape gives a promise of liberation from the anxieties and frustrations of the present dilemma. It does not disclose what anxieties may be in store under different conditions. Many people drift from job to job, from one pursuit to another looking for a niche that will suit them, and finding disillusion everywhere. They have never faced an unpleasant situation long enough to learn

what it may have to tell them about themselves. They move so fast they are unable to absorb any of the incidental human joys that make life so rich and satisfying. But that is not the root of their trouble. What is basically at fault is that they have failed to grasp the fact that these gratifications are not the end for which they were called to strive. They have been summoned, not so much to weave a fabric of faultless life out of the tissues of circumstance, but to *participate* in a creation of infinite dimensions, far beyond their powers of apprehension, designed by an artist whose sure hand cannot err.

Everyone in the world has his own part to play in this creation, and the measure of his success is not how close he comes to arriving at his own concept of perfection, but how generously he can give himself into God's hands for His own inscrutable purposes. Everything that takes place can be made a part of the pattern, not only those things that gladden his heart, but the trials and vexations he would fain obliterate. Generally the best countenance he can give these crosses is one of patient endurance. This is a great deal, but there is more that can be done about them, for through them he touches the living Cross of his Redeemer, through them he can be animated and drawn into a more abundant life. Sometimes only repeated encounter with these crosses will open the eyes of his spirit to the reality of the Divine Purpose.

it means that

There is a story about Beethoven which I have always liked. After he had played a sonata for a small group a woman came to him and asked him what it meant. Beethoven promptly bent over the pianoforte and played the entire sonata through once more. "Madam," he said at its conclusion, "It means that."

The story has, of course, a certain snob appeal. It scores a tremendous point for devotees of an esoteric cult against the poor Philistines who don't belong. If the woman had known the answer, she would never have needed to ask the question. Since she didn't know the answer, no amount of explanation could have made it clear to her. Certainly she was very little wiser after the first repetition. But perhaps, if she heard it day in and day out for years, something of what the composer had to say would begin to reveal itself to her. To the members of the inner circle every new audition

is something more than a mere repetition. Given an eager receptiveness on the part of the listeners and the countless new dimensions that are implicit in the very nature of "another time," its impact on the initiate is a communication of unsuspecting connotations, revealing something ever new.

There is a point in time where it touches eternity. That point is now. The whole meaning of time is contained in the infinitesimal split second of the fleeting present.

Little children love to hear the same story told over and over again. Because they live on a high level of consciousness, their sense of wonder is very wide awake, and the story is always new. Pious souls repeat, over and over again, the same prayers, their daily rosaries and litanies building up over the years to a towering crescendo of faith and hope and love, in which every word shines new in the light of another now. Every year spring comes again, every morning dawn reappears, but always there is the miracle of rebirth. Children understand this because for them years have no numbers and days have no names to invest them with the fiction of the rubber stamp. And the saints understand this because they have detached themselves from the tyranny of time to live at the white-hot peak that pierces heaven's eternal day. This is the life to which Our Lord called us when He said: "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

unfolding of love

We don't understand the mystery of the organic unfolding of love from the tight-calyxed silence of unknowing to the flowering of the masterpiece that spreads its orderly beauty out over unimagined areas. But we do know that, through no merit of our own, we have been given a part in it. To count our blessings is an act of gratitude. But to isolate what is pleasing to us from what is not, to snatch and grab at an ephemeral phantom we call happiness is to try to impose our own designs upon that of the Artist. All that we are able to contribute of our own is dissonance and cacophony. To attempt to transfix the fluid moment that seems to us to reach out and verge on God's heaven is to kill it.

But we can use whatever gifts God has seen fit to give us, in whatever degree, to cooperate in the canticle of inspired living He has in mind for us, as the notes of the piano responded to

Beethoven's fingers. Only in this way can we reiterate the original motif of our contrapuntal love—the love of God and the love of His creatures—always in an ascending key, made richer and richer with growing connotations.

And when the temptation arises to question our lot, we have our answer. Complying faithfully with the daily drudgery of the seemingly pointless grind; waiting in the dark for as long as it takes God to show us the next step; struggling as best we can in our own metiers against those evils without us and within us which we can diminish; bearing cheerfully what we cannot change; laughing off real or imagined slights and disappointments; accepting as only natural those faults of ours that take so long to overcome; knowing that every moment of dedication to our present vocation, whether it be joyful or sorrowful, is a sharing in an infinitely vast and yet infinitely intimate opus of Divine Love, we can whisper in triumph, over and over again: "It means that!"

Helen Carraher Werner

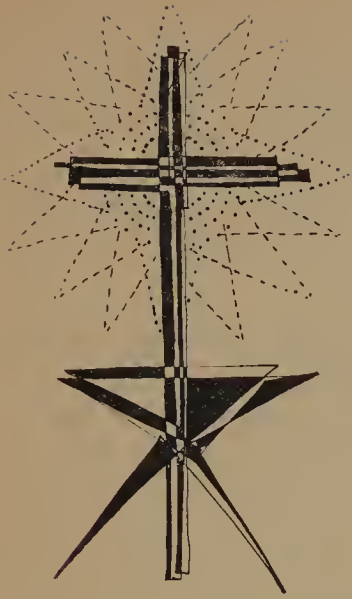
The Sod House

"We loved the rude, sod house, for it was home.
It spelled adventure and our hopes were high
Of fortunes to be wrested from the fields
That lapped up sunshine from the western sky.

We curtained off the rooms with calico
Of bright, red pattern, and the white-washed walls
Were nature's insulation against heat
As well as winter frosts and chilly falls.

The blizzards came and fenceless plains were stretched
Like crystal blankets on a giant's bed;
But then, spring followed close and meadow-larks
Sang in the valleys where the wheat fields spread.

I wonder if the newly-weds today
Who perch in little, third-floor cubby-holes
And never know the thrill of wind and storm
Shall also miss the challenge to their souls?"



comments

The editor of *Integrity* has asked me to write something on happiness for the Christmas number. One reason I want to try it is that my happiest poems are Christmas poems. That is not so simple as it sounds. On December 2, 1950 I wrote:

SOLILOQUY

My mouth is ashes from asking
but I am empty.
My eyes are blinded from seeking
and I am lost.
I have beaten my hands to pulp
on the door
but it does not open.

(The Lord, I suppose,
is feasting with sinners
and has no time
for the righteous.)

Be hidden pride and lust and hate!
Why cumber you the desolate?
May I not keep my decent name?
Is there no end to fear and shame?

Lord, even Satan spurns me.
 I have no home but you.
 Lord of the thief and the harlot,
 Pity the hypocrite too.

On December 4, two days later, I wrote:

CAROL

The stable must be clean tonight,
 The manger sweet with straw.
 The beasts must not complain nor fight
 With horn nor hoof nor jaw.

The heavens must be clear tonight
 Before the acts begin.
 The stars must shine with all their might
 To guide the angels in.

The fields they must be still tonight
 To hear the holy song.
 The Word is Flesh, the Light of Light—
 O earth be done with wrong.

O heart of mine be clean tonight,
 O mind of mine be clear,
 O soul of mine be still and bright:
 O God of mine be dear.

How many would call the author of the first happy? Would any call the author of the second unhappy? Yet both are one man, and both poems are threads in a single pattern, a pattern of happiness. Desolation and consolation—purgation and illumination—are warp and woof of the tapestry that is union with God, our whole beatitude.

There is a natural happiness that depends largely on temperament. It is a lovely thing, a gift of God, for which we can all be thankful, since all are touched by its radiance. But the happiness of the Christian transcends all accidents of character or fortune. Unless happiness can somehow contain the cross the Christian cannot be happy. Our final happiness rests in the vision of God. In this world our happiness lies in progress toward that end. Such progress cannot exclude the cross. But somehow the cross and the crib are one, holding the One Who is the Joy of man. At Bethlehem eternity entered into time, and all time is gathered in that eternal moment. The cave of the Nativity is ever since our shelter and our home.

The cross and the crib are one—even for us. It is on the cross that we are born into spiritual life. There is no other way. No balanced man loves suffering for itself—to do so would be a perversion. But all good men must love it for what, by God's grace, it accomplishes in the soul. In the warfare of the spirit the point where we spontaneously praise God for chastisement is an excellent limited objective. A *limited* objective, because the self, which is our worst enemy, is still very much alive: but at least we have reached the stage where we welcome God's assistance in subduing it. Even this limited objective is not easily achieved. Meanwhile we make what adjustment we can. I believe that it is good in time of trial to associate ourselves with the Passion of Christ—take up our cross and follow Him—but it is also somewhat dangerous. It is good to seek comfort in the arms of the Crucified but it is not at all good to become immersed in self-pity, to start thinking of ourselves as holy martyrs when we are only miserable sinners, miserable because of our sins. The vision of the Nativity can snap us out of this. Unless we are far advanced in the spiritual life we don't really take in the Passion. We cannot properly enter into the sufferings of Christ. So we stand outside and feel sorry for *ourselves*. The Nativity is a tremendous mystery, and it is possible to be dishonest about this too, but where the terrible figure of the Crucified overwhelms our understanding and throws us back upon ourselves, the figure of the Infant Son of God, helpless in the Virgin's arms, can bring us weeping to our knees in the presence of God's *humility*. And here is joy. For all our pain (all our pain that matters) is pride and only humility can cure it, the humility of God.

The root meaning of chastise is to make pure, so we know that even the pagans who invented the word (*castigare*) understood that man is purified by pain. In the twelfth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews St. Paul quotes from the third chapter of Proverbs: "My son, reject not the correction of the Lord, and do not faint when thou art chastised by Him; for whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth." One of the happiest persons I have known was a middle-aged woman who was dying of tuberculosis. Within a few years before her death she had buried two lovely daughters and a son. During those years everything was destroyed in her but *love*. The last times I saw her there was about her an aura of total goodness. As I remember her now I think I know a little the meaning of the aureole, the holy enveloped in light. Yet the purifying effect of pain is not automatic. We have power to reject chastisement. Our own part in our sanctification is largely passive, but passive does not mean negative. The passivity of the saints is the passivity of love. To attain even a beginning of this condition is for most of us long labor in grace. It is not easy to bow to the rod, not easy

to understand what is happening when God begins to put us through the wringer, not easy to know in truth that only "he that loseth his life shall find it." But if we do not shut up our hearts against Him, God will begin to teach us, gradually according to our strength. Gradually also He will begin to show us the other face of religious suffering which is holy joy. One day He may begin to show us the Child—when we begin to "become as little children" ourselves. *J. E. P. Butler*

There are a number of more or less obvious misconceptions about happiness. One of the most notable, and more dangerous, is the currency of too-literal an interpretation of man's inalienable right to its pursuit, as laid claim to by the writers of the Declaration of Independence.

Men of considerable ethical and political maturity they may have been, and their definition of the term was very likely broader than that presently accorded it, but the authors of the Declaration selected a regrettable phrase in describing man's need for, and his right to seek, the ineffable inner satisfaction called happiness. It may be unlikely this reference to man's inalienable right to the pursuit of Life, Liberty and Happiness in itself has had much influence upon the lives of most Americans, yet it is nevertheless interesting to observe how frequently the philosophy implicit in that unfortunate phrase crops up in the American culture.

Truly, this is a strange goal to pursue; an intangible of many, often contradictory, definitions. Yet most Americans seem determined to chase happiness as if it were a rare butterfly, hoping it may eventually weaken and allow itself to be captured. Given the proper incentives, we Americans display remarkable tenacity of purpose. It is unfortunate that great determination is not always rewarded with corresponding success.

Perhaps the heritage of our predecessors, the trappers, frontiersmen, cattlemen, farmers, and all that amorphous, anonymous mass of the world's dissatisfied is responsible for our attitude. We follow a people who fought for every acre of land, toiled for every convenience, savored fully every pleasure. If persistence produced water in a desert or a piano in a wilderness it should not surprise us if somewhere along the line the concept of happiness became confused with the concrete and the material.

If one is hard-pressed, if the external life is characterized by uncompromising competition—whether that of nature or of man—and if one's inner life has little time to erect the proper bulwarks, a distortion

of truth often follows. This is, I believe, what happened to some extent early in the cultural growth of our nation. In their pursuit of the ungraspable many of our forebears learned to be satisfied with tangible substitutes. They set exact, usually measurable, goals and proceeded to reach them. But it soon became evident possession of the tangible, while giving pleasure, nevertheless left the possessor not quite satisfied. Almost as a matter of course the search for a formula for inner satisfaction followed.

Since only the visible and palpable could in this mistaken view produce happiness, the search was for the acquisition of its trappings—the thing called poise, the thing defined loosely as culture, something labeled manners; an intangible composed of many intangibles. The clothing one wore, the location of one's home, the art one "appreciated," these among others were the hallmarks of success and success, then as now, by many was considered to be the synonym of happiness.

With varying degrees of disillusion, some of us have learned neither a stout bank account, a new house, a correspondence school certificate, nor a raise in salary is enough to ease our dissatisfaction. If anything, arrival at a specific material goal serves only to whet the appetite. Ambition has a remarkable facility for placing us upon interminable ascending spirals of unsatiation.

What is begun as a hunt for happiness frequently ends in the trap of despair.

Mitchell J. Strucinski

When I was asked to write on *happiness*, I thought to myself what an easy topic this will be. Fundamentally I consider myself a fairly happy person and certainly I didn't expect to encounter too much trouble with the subject. But have you ever tried to put something so magnificent into words? I thought and thought and prayed, and finally the thought came to me to use the dictionary to find the literal meaning given for *happiness*. I did so, and I shall try to tie in the definitions given with some ideas of my own.

Happiness—concord, harmony. To me means love and understanding in the family and among friends and neighbors. Respect for the rights and opinions of others. To those who have not known serious discord or almost complete lack of love, this may not mean too much. To me it is a great miracle.

Happy—propitious, favorable, disposed to be merciful. When one has lived in unhappy surroundings, with constant discord, it is very easy to become nasty and unkind and selfish. But when one is given the grace to see this meanness and to amend one's attitude, it becomes a

great happiness to be merciful and to try to bring into the lives of others the tremendous gift of happiness.

Happy—satisfied, freed from doubt and uncertainty. I think one of the greatest blocks to happiness is to doubt the mercy of God and to lack the humility to admit our mistakes even to ourselves. Thus we keep everything unpleasant bottled up within us, and allow it to ferment and overpower all our finer instincts. When a person at last has a conversion from this state, his joy knows no bounds. Even though he has reverses—which he undoubtedly will—the knowledge of God's infinite love and mercy will sustain him and lead him to the final happiness to which we all aspire: heaven.

Happy—successful, prosperous. To some people happiness seems to come from doing something very well or from great knowledge or from possessing much of this world's treasure. Wealth and position and possessions give them a sense of security without which their world would collapse. They make these material things of absolute importance. On the contrary, all these things are important only if through the use of them we come closer to God, and if we do not let them dominate our lives.

I think the best way of obtaining the grace to learn how to give without constantly seeking rewards for ourselves is to ask the person who made eternal happiness possible to us through her act of complete self-surrender to God's will. She who brought Jesus to us—Mary.

Anonymous

THE PSALMS

FIDES TRANSLATION Introduction by **Mary Perkins Ryan**

The psalms are songs which God Himself composed for His people to sing to Him.

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MARRIAGE and VIRGINITY

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James M. Egan, O.P.

mary, queen of the universe

*Father Egan, at present on the faculty
of the School of Theology, St. Mary's, Notre Dame,
discusses the new liturgical feast of Our Lady.*

Just a year ago, an ailing Pontiff, in order to add one more star to the crown of Mary, the Mother of God, expended some of his precious energy establishing a feast in the universal Church in honor of the Queenship of Mary. For a profounder appreciation of this royal title, accorded to Mary throughout the ages and now officially recognized by a liturgical celebration, it must be kept in mind that Mary is Queen in the Kingdom of which Christ is King.

With characteristic vigor and sweep, St. Paul presents us with a vivid picture of the Kingdom of Christ*:

But, in fact, Christ has risen from the dead, the first-fruits of those who sleep. For since by a man came death, by a Man also came the resurrection of the dead; for as in Adam all die, so also in the Christ shall all be made alive. But each in his own order; namely, Christ, the first-fruits; then, those who are Christ's at His Coming; then the end, when He hands over the Kingdom to God and the Father, when He abolishes all other sovereignty, authority

* I Cor., xv, 20-28, Spencer translation.

and power. For he must reign until He puts all His enemies under His feet. The last enemy to be abolished is Death. For God subjected all things under His feet. . . . And when all things have been subjected to Him, then the Son Himself also shall be subject to Him Who subjected all things to Him, that God may be all in all.

On Calvary, Christ conquered sin, and Satan, and death; yet, we know it is God's plan that all things be not immediately subjected. There is still a struggle, as it were, and each generation of Christians are a part of that struggle. The Kingdom of God on earth, the Mystical Body of Christ, the Roman Catholic Church, is a militant Church; yet it is always good for us to bear in mind that the end is coming, the day, when, as St. Paul says, death shall be abolished, that moment when all shall live again, and then the end, when Christ, seeing all things perfectly subjected to Him, will turn them back to the Father, so that God may be all in all. This is why the liturgists remind us that during the season of Advent, the Church wishes us to celebrate three Advents: There is the Advent that is past, the long preparation of the human race for the First Coming of the Incarnate Son of God. There is the Advent we must experience in our own lives, each year preparing for a more fruitful coming of Christ into our souls. There is, finally, the Advent that we, as a Christian people, must hope for, the Second Coming of the Lord and the glorious establishment of the Kingdom of God for ever.

We know that Mary is the Queen of that Kingdom of which Christ is King; but it is important for us to realize what her Queenship means, for herself and for us.

what Mary's Queenship means

First of all, Mary is not a king who happens to be a woman and therefore is called queen. Elizabeth II of England is really the king of England; whatever royal power is left there, is in her hands. It is true, being a woman, she is called queen, but there is no one else—she alone has the fullness of royal power in England. Mary is not such a queen, because there is a King, and so Mary is Queen in this Kingdom, associated, as she always has been, with Christ, Who is King.

There is another sense, however, in which Mary is Queen, a metaphorical sense. In this way, also, the title of King is attributed to Christ. They are called King and Queen, because of the preeminence of their excellence: because of the natural and supernatural gifts that God

bestowed upon Christ and Mary, they are the summit of all creation. The angels, *naturally*, are more perfect; but, *supernaturally*, they too fall far short of the greatness of Christ and Mary. We call the lion the king of the beasts, because we recognize in him a certain superiority over all other animals. Any object that manifests a certain excellence may receive from us the title king or queen. Certainly, then, they apply in a perfect fashion to Christ and Mary.

While it is most important that Christ and Mary should be seen as the summit of all creation, and hence endowed rightly, though metaphorically, with the titles of King and Queen, this is still not the ultimate meaning of what we intend when we designate Christ as King and Mary as Queen. We mean rather that they are King and Queen in the proper sense of the word: that is, that they have a Kingdom and subjects over which they actually exercise royal power, Christ in His proper way as King, Mary in her proper way as Queen. Whence comes this royal dignity, especially to Mary, who is, after all, a creature? Since we cannot understand Mary without Christ, obviously we shall have to ask: Under what titles is Christ King? Pope Pius XI, when he instituted the Feast of the Kingship of Christ, indicated two titles.

First of all, Christ is King by birthright. He is born a King, not only King of the Jewish people, but King of the Universe, because of the hypostatic union. The fact that Christ is the Son of God, in whom all authority rests, means that at the moment of His birth He becomes King. Mary is Queen by that same title of birthright, not by right of her birth, but of her Son's. It is pointed out that Mary is not simply a Queen Mother, in the sense that she is the Mother of One who eventually becomes King. Since she is a Queen Mother, a certain amount of prestige, dignity, honor, and respect fittingly comes to her; still the Queen Mother is not, strictly speaking, Queen. Mary is Queen by birthright, because the Child she bore is not Someone who becomes King later on; He is King from the moment of His conception, and the Church does not hesitate to accommodate to Mary the words spoken of Solomon and his mother in the Old Testament: "He was crowned by his own mother." There is a very definite sense in which we can say that Christ, as man, was crowned King of the Universe by Mary His Mother. That is what we are concerned with here. We recognize that God is King, but we are concerned with Christ the Man as King. He becomes King because He is born of Mary; for that reason both enjoy royal dignity and power, by the very birth of the God-Man.

The Church assigns the title of Queen to Mary under a second

aspect. Again, as the Holy Father points out, by right of conquest, because even though by birth Christ is King, His subjects are captives because of original sin and because of the tremendous weight of personal and social and international sin that presses on the world. At the moment when Christ came into the world, practically all of His subjects were captive to sin, to Satan, and to death. So it was necessary for Him to fight the battle of justice, of divine justice, and of divine mercy, in order that He might redeem, pay the price, and liberate men from their captivity. In this battle Mary is closely associated with Christ. She, together with Christ, paid the same price, offered as a Mother the same sacrifice that He offered—His own Blood, His own Life. And so, together, Christ and Mary, paying the price for our release, have an added title to our subjection. They are our King and Queen, because they have redeemed us from captivity and gathered us into their own Kingdom.

fullness of power

A king and a queen must exercise royal power; how do Christ and Mary exercise the power they possess? We all know that ruling power (royal or not) has a threefold aspect. It is generally divided into legislative power, executive power, and judicial power. In our own country, such powers have been distributed among various individuals or groups of individuals; thus, some have legislative power—Congress; the executive power rests in the President; and the judicial power rests ultimately in the Supreme Court. In a kingdom, an ideal kingdom, all that power rests in one person—the king. He may communicate it, he may delegate it, but ultimately it all rests in him. In the Kingdom of God, all power has been given to Christ. So Christ, as King, has the fullness of legislative, executive and judicial power.

If Mary is not merely a Queen Mother, or Queen in the metaphorical sense, if she is Queen in the proper sense, then she too must have some sort of royal power, she too must rule. Otherwise, she is just a figurehead. Hence, we must ask ourselves: Can we say that Mary shares in the legislative, executive, and judicial power that is Christ's? Has He given her a part in the actual ruling of His Kingdom? The exercise of regal power is ordered to the good of the subjects, to lead the subjects so to act in harmony, in community, that the common good of the whole kingdom be preserved and advanced. Certainly, everything comes from Christ as the Source. Can we say now that Mary is associated with Christ in a special way, that she, too, has a function to perform?

The answer, of course, is yes; Mary is Queen in the Kingdom of Christ and she shares in His royal power and in each of its three aspects. First of all, the legislative power. At first glance, we would be inclined to say that Mary does not share in the legislative power, for this is the power that initiates everything, the power that requires the fullness of prudence, of justice, of temperance, and of all the virtues, the power that is capable of foreseeing all the needs of the common good and then laying down the regulations, the rules, the laws that all the subjects must follow if they are to attain that common good. Certainly all the laws of the Kingdom of God here on earth are enacted by Christ. We know of no law that Mary has settled on, no law of which she has been the source. As far as legislating for the Kingdom of God, that is totally in Christ, and in a minor way, in the hierarchy of His Church. The fundamental laws of Christianity have been established by Christ Himself, and Mary has had no part in initiating the legislation. We can say that she has approved it, has embraced it wholeheartedly. We can also say that she is its first subject. She is the one who manifests most perfectly what complete submission to the law of Christ will do.

Mary and the law

However, it is important to realize that there is a tremendous distinction between the New Law of Christ and the Old Law. St. Paul brings it up continually. The Old Law was a law written on tablets of stone. The Old Law indicated what had to be done, but as St. Paul tells us, the Old Law did not give the means to do it. The New Law is a law of spirit and truth, a law of love. It has not been written down by the Legislator: Christ wrote no code of laws. It is true that much of it is written down in Sacred Scripture: there are Christian laws there, but we know that the New Law has been handed down principally by tradition, by the living voice of the Church, and that it is a law of love and a law of the spirit. It is a law that is promulgated by the Holy Spirit; it is written in the hearts of men. Promulgation is necessary if a law is to bind its subjects. Promulgation is definitely an aspect of legislative power. It is from this aspect that Mary shares in the legislative function of her Son. Under the direction of the Spirit of Truth and Love, Mary fulfills her role of installing the law of Christ into the hearts of men, helping them to understand it and to apply it in every event of their lives.

Once the law has been promulgated, it must be carried out; and

here Mary enters into the executive aspect of her Queenship. She certainly possesses a share in the executive power in a very special way: this is a way that is most fitting for a Queen, who is also a Mother; for, in a certain sense, Mary initiates things. God has left to her the task of being conscious—not that He is not conscious Himself—but He has left to her the task of *being aware*, first of all, of what has to be done. Christ knew that the wine was giving out. He knew it as God. He knew it in the beatific vision, as well as by His infused knowledge. He probably even knew it by His acquired knowledge. He could see what was going on; He could see the disturbance, sense the embarrassment. Yet He never said a word. He left it up to Mary to bring it up. That is what is meant by saying that Mary initiates things in the executive order.

It can be said that in every case Christ leaves it to Mary to bring it up. She is the one who is conscious of what is needed. Her vision is such as to embrace all mankind, everything that pertains to the Kingdom of God here and hereafter, from the beginning to the end. Mary, therefore, is always aware of the needs of all, and she is the one who initiates by her intercession. Her prayer is all powerful.

In the beautiful Matins hymn for the feast of Our Lady, Mediatrix of all Graces, occur the following words*:

These sacred fountains of God's saving water
Who shall direct them for a people purchased?
Given to Mary is this loving office
As Mediatrix.

Mary, Our Mother, all the graces garnered
By Our Redeemer unto us dispenseth;
Freely at her prayer her Son gladly raineth
Gifts of His bounty.

That is the function of Mary, sharing in a special way the executive power, seeing to it that the fruits of the Redemption are applied to every soul. So we know that every grace we receive, every grace that anyone receives, has been first of all noticed, asked for, interceded for, by Mary. It is a special gift of Mary's motherly love for us, which she can easily bestow, because she is Queen. She is called *Omnipotentia supplex*—suppliant omnipotence; not omnipotence itself—that is God—but the next thing to it.

This is a wonderful aspect of Mary's function in our lives, because, even though she is joined to Christ in the work of redeeming us, in

* *Hymns of the Dominican Missal and Breviary*, Byrnes, p. 293.

acquiring everything that is necessary for the full perfection of the kingdom, it is also up to her to share in His executive power in a peculiarly maternal way. One of Mary's most precious titles is Almoner of Grace; it means that Christ has placed everything in Mary's hands so that she, knowing God's designs and God's will, dispenses them to all of us.

The third aspect of royal power is judicial power. Theologians seem hesitant to allow Mary any share in the judicial power of her Son. Yet the doctrine of St. Thomas would seem to demand that Mary have a share, for the Angelic Doctor explicitly admits others to participate in judging. One reason given by theologians for excluding Mary is that judgment is a manifestation of justice; hence the judge is the exemplar, the symbol of God's Justice, whereas Mary is the Mother of Mercy. St. Thomas, on the other hand, tells us that in all the works of God justice and mercy are intertwined. He finds in the most unexpected works of God this intimate conciliation of justice and mercy. It is true that the justification of a sinner is most perfectly a manifestation of God's Mercy; the condemnation of a sinner to punishment is primarily a manifestation of God's Justice; yet God rewards, and in rewarding satisfies the ultimate demands of justice; God condemns, but He never condemns as much as He might. There is always mercy in every judgment. Hence we can be sure that Mary too is present at every judgment. She is the Advocate of Mercy; and God knows how much we need her.

No matter what the judgment is, Mary is there, pointing out (not that God is overlooking them, but He has left it to her to be the Advocate of Mercy) all the things that are in our favor. There will be plenty of others to point out the things that are not. But we may be sure that Mary, together with our guardian angel (and, let us hope, a host of others) will be pointing out the good that we have done. The definitive judgment will follow then from that balance between justice and mercy, and it will be pronounced by Christ alone.

three judgments

St. Thomas also tells us that there are three judgments. There is the judgment that is going on continuously throughout our life, the rewards and punishments, the things that we receive and the things we do not receive, here below. We often wonder why people who seem to be ignoring God, who have no use for Him or for religion, prosper

in a worldly way. That is the result of a judgment to grant them a certain amount of this world's goods even though they have ignored the rights of God. Another person, who has sincerely tried to please God, seems to have one trial after another piled onto him. That is also a question of judgment—to discern what is going to be given. Really there is no great problem in this apparently unequal dealing with men. What God is doing in the one case is giving the man now a reward for what little good he has done, so that he will not have anything to hold against God when the end comes: "Behold, you have received your reward." In the other case, God is giving the man every opportunity to build up treasure in heaven. Here we have one form of judgment, and we can hardly doubt Mary's connection with it.

The principal judgment is the so-called particular judgment. This takes place at the instant of death, when each one will have his own sentence passed on Him by Christ. The faithful have always believed that Mary would be present then as the Advocate of Mercy.

What of the final judgment? Is Mary going to be there, not merely as a spectator, but actively taking part? The notion that Christ has saved all judgment, and particularly, the last judgment, to Himself is not quite accurate. As a matter of fact, He Himself has promised some that they are going to sit in judgment with Him. Recall the incident when St. Peter said to Our Lord: "We have given up all things and have followed Thee." As the author of the homily in the Office of St. Peter remarks: "Look what he gave up; an old boat and some worn-out fishing nets." Anyway, he gave up everything he had. And so he asks: "What reward are we going to have?" And Our Lord said to him: "On the last day, on the day of regeneration, you are going to sit together with Me, judging the twelve tribes of Israel," which, the theologians say, is *everybody*. So the fact of the matter is that some are going to share in judgment with Christ; and, according to Christian tradition, not only the Apostles. Referring to this passage, especially to the close link between: "We have given up everything," and "The reward is: you shall judge," St. Thomas very beautifully explains why the reward will be: "You shall judge." The people who will be judged—if they have failed—have failed because they have not given up the world. They have tried to enjoy the good things of this world; they refused to detach themselves from creatures. Who else except one who has practiced detachment, has given up all things, will have the necessary balance, will be able to judge accurately, will be able to assist the Judge? So all those who have practiced detachment, especially those who have

taken a voluntary vow of poverty, will assist in the last judgment. If this is true of the poor in spirit, if it is true of the Apostles, then it is eminently true of Mary, who is the most detached of all.

Others, then, are going to be associated with Christ in the final judgment. What are they going to do? St. Thomas says (*Summa Theol.*, Suppl., q. 89): the detached will judge by cooperating in the task of revealing to each individual the cause of the damnation or salvation, both of himself and of all others, somewhat in the way the higher angels are said to illuminate the lower angels and men.

explaining the sentence

A word of explanation is needed to understand this function. The purpose of the final judgment is to justify the ways of God to man and to manifest the ultimate glory of God. As each one leaves this life, he receives his reward. St. Thomas is of the opinion that two groups will not be subjected to the final judgment—the very good and the very bad. All will recognize the justice of the reward or punishment meted out to them. The ones who will be judged are the ones that have a mixture, that were not too bad, or not too good. They were good enough to get to heaven, but not very far up; they were bad enough to get to hell, but not too far down. Here there might be a question, either in their own minds, or in the minds of others. There is no question of changing the sentence; there is merely the task of explaining it. Certainly, we will wonder about the fate of those we knew on earth. We have made judgments about the people we knew, yet we may find that in the end they do not have the place we thought they should have. We will like to know what were the elements that entered into the final judgment. That is the task assigned to the poor in spirit. Throughout the whole mass of men gathered together for the final judgment, there will be passing the Apostles, the voluntary poor, the poor in spirit. They will go about and explain to men, helping them to understand both the justice and the mercy of Christ's judgment of themselves and others.

If that is true of the Apostles and others, then it must be even truer of Mary; for no one has been so detached as she, no one so deeply poor in spirit. And I should like to think that I know where Mary will be on that last day. She will gather around her all the little ones who have never received the sacrament of Baptism, all those who are going to spend eternity in Limbo; and she is going to explain to them the justice and the mercy of God's dealing with them.

book reviews

THE PROBLEM OF JESUS

by Jean Guitton, Kenedy, \$3.75

A good book always leaves its readers looking for other works by the same author. M. Guitton produced an excellent book in his recent *The Virgin Mary*; now, in this abridgment of two of his other books, he gives us another good one. The title is arresting in itself; the subtitle *A Free-Thinker's Diary* is both startling and an accurate description of what the reader can expect in his treatment of the *problem* of Jesus. Here he has subjected the beginnings of Christian belief to a searching self-criticism, that is, he conducts a cold examination of the origins and development of Christianity. For a guide he has chosen logic, and on each page he makes an unabashed appeal to the reader's intelligence. Guitton's free-thinker is a good man who likes to test everything with his own mind, to weigh all the pros and cons, especially the cons, and who mistrusts on principle anything asserted by mere belief.

There is something refreshing and invigorating about this re-examination, by a Catholic layman, of Catholic belief in Christ and His kingdom. *The Problem of Jesus* represents a re-thinking of old truths against a background of cause and effect, possibility and impossibility, plausibility and implausibility. The arguments *contra* are confronted at their best and strongest: myth, fraud, imposture, hallucination, autodeification, deification—they are all here—and are discussed in relation to the Gospels and to the basic Christian truths of Christ's divinity and His Resurrection. With his good grasp of contemporary mentality, Guitton quotes modern authors but does not neglect the old ones. He discusses the possibility of fabulation, paranormal occurrences, maximizing influences, as well as ideofugal and ideopetal processes of factification; many new words evocative of thought. For most readers this will be a stimulating challenge, showing that old truths can be discussed in a new and modern language, a language one understands. "What I want to know especially is what we are talking about," he writes (p. 128). And again, "The faithful have been so long accustomed to these [old] terms that they cannot realize how hard they are to believe. [He means the idea of a man dead and raised to life.] It is the trouble with all mysteries; what I find strangest about them is that to believers they are not mysteries."

There emerges from a careful reading of this book the realization

of the astonishing toughness and soundness of the Catholic view of Christ and the Gospels. Its conclusions and claims concerning His divinity and Resurrection are nothing short of world-shaking; He is as it were a Person from another dimension of which we have not the slightest inkling. He defies, or rather He eludes our pat modes of thought. When men have said all of Him that they can say, He remains utterly unique and ineffable; like His Church, He simply does not fit into any merely human category. The problem of Jesus? It is His utter mysteriousness, His unexpectedness, His improbability; and yet, reason bids us pay Him the farthing of our faith.

Here is a book well worth reading. The reading is not always easy, but many will be able to say, after reading it, what Ezechiel said when, at the Lord's bidding, he ate his book: "I did eat it, and it was sweet as honey in my mouth." *Richard T. A. Murphy, O.P.*

THE PEOPLE ACT

by Elmore M. McKee, Harper & Bros., \$3.50

This book presents eleven true stories—originally part of the 1951-52 radio series, *The People Act*—of Americans voluntarily coming together to solve their own local problems, to preserve their independence by group action.

These stories are authentic case studies of democratic action based upon the criteria of local self-determination and wide citizenship participation. Sometimes inspiring and always thought-provoking, they are to be *studied* by those who are interested in co-operative techniques in community building. "Much is to be learned from them," writes Milton Eisenhower in the foreword. "They show aspects of failure, yet more of success. And in most immediate, realistic, and factual terms they show the *processes* of community action."

Can the people be trusted with responsibility, or can only specialists be trusted? "Faith in the individual and in his competence is the core principle around which the life of a community must grow," asserts Mr. McKee, "this is indeed the ethical-religious foundation of the democratic way of life." Such a doctrine, however, is not easily practiced; in fact, the author admits it was somewhat hard to find examples exemplifying it even in America. He does not minimize the difficulties inherent in or imposed upon democratic action: if these stories show that the people have in many instances been able to act courageously, prudently and successfully to improve their society, they also show that free men often tire of responsibility, often become frustrated by public indifference or positive opposition, often relax their

vigilance after victory. Continual education and good leadership are necessary corollaries, but fundamentally a free community implies individual and group responsibility.

Part I contains six accounts of people *acting* in smaller places. In Bat Cave, N.C., the people built a hospital and discovered themselves and their community. In Blairsville, Ga., a once-isolated people learned how to benefit from modern roads, scientific agriculture and electrical power and still retain their independence—though they apparently lost some good elements in their rural culture. In Tin Top, Texas, a lady who decided to paint two closed churches inspired 33 scattered families to work together to save their disintegrating farm community. The young people of Alexandria, Minn., demanded and got a recreational center, and the town established a co-ordinating council. The traditionally self-reliant residents of several towns in Vermont's Upper Winooski Valley stemmed their decline by teamwork when a co-operative, a college, a music school, rural electrification and study clubs combined to break down resistance to change. And the dry, Protestant, wheat-growing town of Morganville, Kan., was reborn and grew after it "adopted" and helped to rebuild a war-torn, Catholic, wine-growing village in France.

Part II provides four accounts of group action on the part of the city dwellers. In Baltimore, Md., the problem was housing; in Arlington, Va., better schools; in Gary, Ind., crime and corruption; and in Seattle, Wash., racial barriers.

Part III tells how declining Carroll County, Ga., pooled its interests through a service council and became invigorated by an exchange of farmers with India.

The student of community problems and democratic action will also be interested in Part IV, Mr. McKee's analysis of the stories. He knows that "a fortuitous collection of individuals who cling to their anonymity" does not constitute a community, and that some communities are "neutral" while others are frustrated or segmented. He also indicates that the pattern of behavior in the successful communities discussed here centers around four "idea-forces authentic to free men" faced by particular crises: the volunteer, participation, belonging, and interdependence. Finally, not the least rewarding aspect of this book is the ample illustration throughout of the personal qualities and educational qualifications leaders of group action must ordinarily possess.

As the prudent use of good techniques by able leaders may well determine the success or failure of social action, the study material provided by this collection of grass-roots folk tales is a valuable contribution to the educational literature of a free society.

Brendan O'Grady

THE EVANSTON REPORT

edited by W. A. Visser's Hooft, Harper and Brothers, \$5.00

The second world-wide meeting of the World Council of Churches took place at Evanston, Illinois, in August 1954. It easily captured the headlines at the time. Its importance, however, does not lie in the superficial impression it then made. It rests rather in the long-range influence it will (or will not) have in the Protestant world. The official report, which has just been published, one year after the meeting, will contribute to this lasting influence.

This report does not contain all that was said at the assembly. An account is given of the debates and proceedings. The official statements, reports and resolutions are published in full, as finally adopted. But only short summaries and a few extracts remain of the highly interesting speeches made by individual leaders and theologians. To obtain an adequate idea of the meeting, future historians will need much more than the present book: they will have to scan the extensive mimeographed material that was released at the time of the assembly itself.

Catholics who are called to work along with non-Catholics on a number of social issues will do well to read carefully the reports on social questions, international affairs and inter-group relations. These represent a comprehensive assessment of the current Protestant understanding of a Christian social order. There is little in them that could be questioned by Catholics, though, compared to the addresses of the present Pope on social questions, they seem to have adopted a rather conservative position. One should however use them as a basis for finding common ground between ourselves and those who, in the words of Pius XII, "although they do not belong to the visible body of the Catholic Church . . . (are united) to us in love for the Person of Christ and in faith in God."

A report on the laity, devoted to "the Christian in his vocation," will also repay reading. Those who are acquainted with the present Catholic movement for a more responsible laity in the Church may be somewhat disappointed here. The liturgical aspect of the laity's function is quite overlooked. This is hardly in keeping with the over-emphasis of the Reformation on the "priesthood of the layman"; yet the liturgical decadence of Protestantism in the last two centuries fully explains this shortcoming.

The average Catholic reader may well omit the reports on the doctrine of hope and on "our oneness in Christ": these are very unsatisfactory from the standpoint of the Catholic tradition. On the contrary, the statements of the Orthodox delegates on those themes are well worth meditating: they excellently correct the Protestant slant of the reports adopted by the assembly.

George H. Tavard, A.A.

THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD

by Adrienne von Speyr, McKay, \$3.00

In their original German the works of Adrienne von Speyr have met great success. In its English translation the present book conveys a mixed impression.

Three recurrent and overlapping themes run through this essay on Mary: the themes of marriage, of religious vows, of the intellectual ascent to God. No wonder, for Adrienne von Speyr is an intellectual; she is married; she is the inspirer of a recent religious community. The result is a series of very suggestive meditations. The reader discovers, together with a touching piety, an unusually fresh approach to mariological themes, free of the triteness that is so common in spiritual literature. Underneath an apparently complicated mind, that discerns symbols and correspondences where others would only perceive juxtapositions, Adrienne von Speyr has a great simplicity. Her thought is always focused. Her somewhat rambling meditations are always centered on the mystery of Christ who is "the plenitude" (St. Paul). All mysteries are in each mystery. Following Adrienne von Speyr is a high exercise in what is called the "analogy" of faith. It will be a rewarding experience—for the discerning reader.

Not every reader, however, will be able to distinguish between the author's personal insights and the core of the Church's doctrine. The former are often real eye-openers. They also include many artificial associations and questionable comparisons. Numerous passages are obscure. The translator may sometimes be more responsible for this than the author.

It may always happen that a few incorrect or misleading expressions escape the author or the translator. This is where a competent censor is supposed to help. Readers will however be puzzled by the many misstatements that the censor has overlooked. Important qualifications would be required for the following ideas: "The mystery of the Trinity . . . only comes alive when seen in the light of the Cross" (p.37); the Queen of Heaven has "power over her Son" (p.110; Christ "lived 'under vows'" (p.115); "dogma and rules are born of her (Mary)" (p.148). One cannot speak of "further revelations" as forming the Church's tradition (p.88). There is no "unlimited dispersal of the Son in the innumerable particles of the Eucharist" (p.69). That "Mary's prayer is not altogether spiritual and supernatural" (p.163) seems to be a mis-translation. That Joseph was "set free from original sin" (p.91) is meaningless. That "in order to be fruitful, a mission in the Church demands a community, whether it be marriage or . . . the religious life" (p.127) implies a strange

oblivion of the secular clergy and of dedicated celibacy in the world.

Finally I regret the kind of "mysticism of womanhood" that suggests the extravagant and theologically erroneous parallel: "While it is the Lord in the form of man who reveals the Father, it is the womanly nature of the Mother of God that reveals many of the qualities of grace and of the heavenly spheres" (p. 162). *George H. Tavad, A.A.*

MY LIFE FOR MY SHEEP

by Alfred Duggan, Coward-McCann, \$5.00

This study of St. Thomas a Becket is a credible reconstruction of a complex personality. Hilaire Belloc in his *A History of England* has this to say of Becket. "Becket was quite exceptional in Europe in that quality which may be called heroism, obstinacy, constancy, or what you will, and which determines the crises of social life. He was of that rare sort, which on such and such points, not many, are strictly immovable; yet he also had the emotional weakness of all intense men; it made him waver: it did but the more enhance his final fixity. . . . It is exactly what the heroes and heroines of history have nearly always done. St. Peter did it; St. Joan did it; Thomas did it." Alfred Duggan's Becket does not quarrel with Belloc's—though Duggan's portrait is of course enormously expanded.

Duggan is at his best in his dramatic visualization of the earlier years. Thomas the boy, Thomas the scholar, Thomas the chancellor are thoroughly alive: Thomas the archbishop, Thomas the martyr, Thomas the supernatural man seem to lack the spark. Part of the answer is doubtless that while novelist Duggan's imagination could expand freely in the little known period of Becket's youth, the hard facts of history dominate the critical last years. It is possible of course that it is *my* imagination and not Duggan's that fails in this last portion of the book. I have done rather large supplementary reading for this review and may have gone stale at the last. Yet I cannot escape the thought that the supernatural escapes Duggan.

In addition to several straight historical accounts of the Becket affair I reread Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. That, I'm afraid, spoiled me for Duggan's account of the martyrdom. The Duggan book closes with a penitent Henry in mystical communion with Thomas, and my impression of this is one of falsity. My final judgment is that Mr. Duggan has a just appreciation of the natural man, even of the natural man *baptized*: I do not believe, on the evidence of this book, that he has an adequate appreciation of sanctity. But *do* read the book for its fine human account of one of the most colorful periods of our history.

J. E. P. Butler

BOOK NOTES

Father Marquette and the Great Rivers (by August Derleth, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$1.95) is one of a series of Catholic biographies for children which the publishers call *Vision Books*. Father Marquette arrived in New France eager to start his mission. He studied earnestly to become proficient in the languages of the various Indian tribes he served. When he heard about the "great river" his determination to explore it and bring the word of God to the Indian tribes along its banks was not swayed by warnings of probable dangers from the treacherous waters and hostile Indians. His journey down the river is interesting and exciting; the description of the Indian customs, food and dress are excellent. Father Marquette is shown as a dreamer who was a doer; a gentle man possessing dauntless courage—qualities which should edify and inspire the 9-to-15-year-old group for which it is intended.

Odilia (by Bernard C. Mischke, O.S.C., National Shrine of St. Odilia, Onamia, Minnesota, \$2.65) is drawn to the knowledge and love of the one true God through her friendship with the Christian Romans, despite the bitter disapproval of her pagan father. The picture of life in ancient Britain while interesting does not come to life because the descriptions are sketchy and undeveloped. Odilia suffers the same fate—a courageous, lovable person, she is off to the Holy Lands and martyrdom before we really get to know her. Older girls might like this biographical novel of her life.

Charmed by the attractive pictures in *Once Upon a Time in Assisi* (by Jeanne Ancelet-Justache, Franciscan Herald Press, \$1.50), I started to read it aloud to my restless 7-year-old boy. However, I found the style was too heavy to hold his attention, although the two children to whom Auntie tells the story in the book are "all ears." Perhaps this is because it was written originally in French. The last chapter I liked because it gives concrete suggestions of how children can imitate St. Francis. Of the three books, much to my surprise, my 9-year-old son liked this one the best—his ready reason: "Any story about St. Francis is good."

Matilde J. Nolte

The beautiful design, the careful annotation and the appealing typography makes the Fides translation of *The Psalms* (\$3.95) an extraordinary volume. The introduction by Mary Perkins Ryan provides for the layman an explanation of the imagery, themes, key words and history of the Psalms—a truly excellent aid to an understanding of these prayers. The Fides translation is an interesting one, a helpful one and will be appreciated by those who prefer modern translations of the Scripture.

D.C.L.

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